THOSE TIRESOME TWINS.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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THOSE TIRESOME TWINS.

BY

BLANCHE HANDLER.

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We're Twins, as everyone can see,
And nobody knows her from me.

We are so glad that we are two,
If we were one, what should we do?

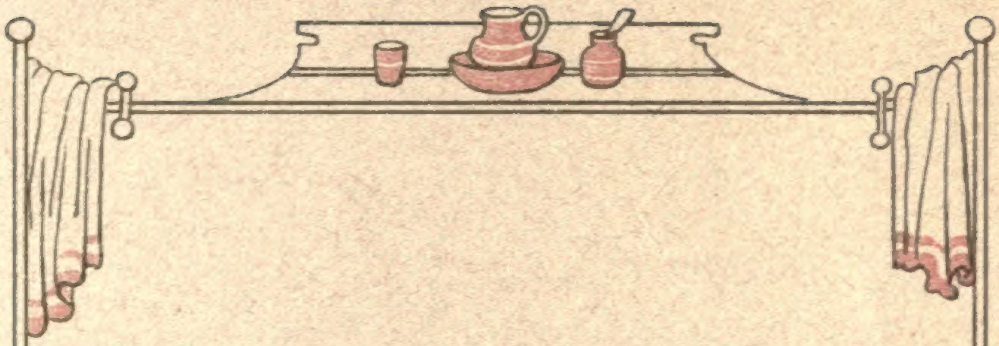
We dont want any one to know
Which one is Nancy and which Flo,

For as they dont know me from her
They can't tell which is naughtier

When we began to crawl about
They thought they'd like to make it out,

So they tied sashes round us two,
Nancy's was rose, and Flo's was blue.

But that of course was quite in vain
For we soon took them off again.



Some days, when we get up,
we say:
"Which would you like to be to-day?"

And sometimes we arrange, for fun,
All day to be the Other One.

They say we're just as like as peas
So we change round just as we
please.

The other day they made a fuss
And marked our clothes; they cant
mark us;

They never seem to think,- it's strange
How easy it will be to change.

They often say they wish they knew.
But when they ask us "Is that you?"

Of course we always answer "Yes";
And which it is we let them guess.

They've tried whatever they could do,
And all the aunts and uncles too;

And nothing's any use at all.
Both come whichever they may call;

In every plan there is some hitch,
They never can tell which is which.

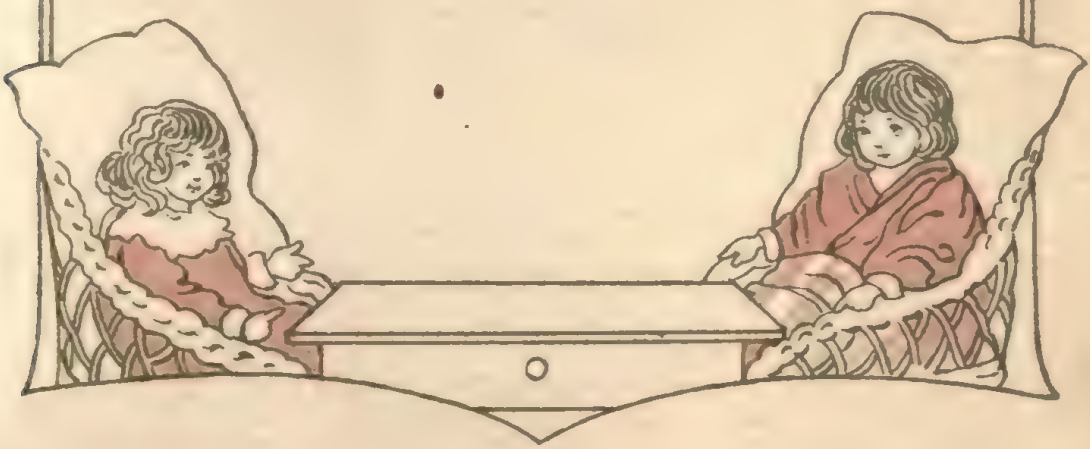
We met Aunt Emma in the street,
She says it's very wrong to cheat;

She says that Nancy's worse
than Flo;
But which was which she didn't know.

She's sure that one of these fine days
We'll suffer for our wicked ways.

When one of us is feeling ill
The other always keeps quite still

And only that her cheeks are pink
Which one is which you'd never
think.



Since being ill is bad enough,

The Other takes the doctor's stuff.

Next day, of course we're both
quite well,
And which was ill no one can tell.

And when the doctor comes to see,
He's very pleased, and so are we.

Sometimes if one's not in the mood
To have her tub just when she should,

The other goes in twice, and so
That saves a fuss.—
They never know.

Beside the door there is a place
Where we are put when in disgrace.

When no one looks we change about
And they have never found us out.

We find in everything we do
It's an advantage being two.

For when they give us something nice,
Each gets it, so we have it twice.

And we take turns, to make it fair,
For being punished, Then we share.

So everyone can see it's true
That we are lucky being two.

When we go up to bed at night
Sometimes we have a pillow-fight.

We leave off playing when we're told
And go to bed as good as gold.

Nurse turns the light low.
smoothes our clothes,
And says "Good night," and down
she goes.

Of course we never can begin
Till Mother's been to tuck us in.

She comes upstairs and has a peep
And says "How good they look asleep"

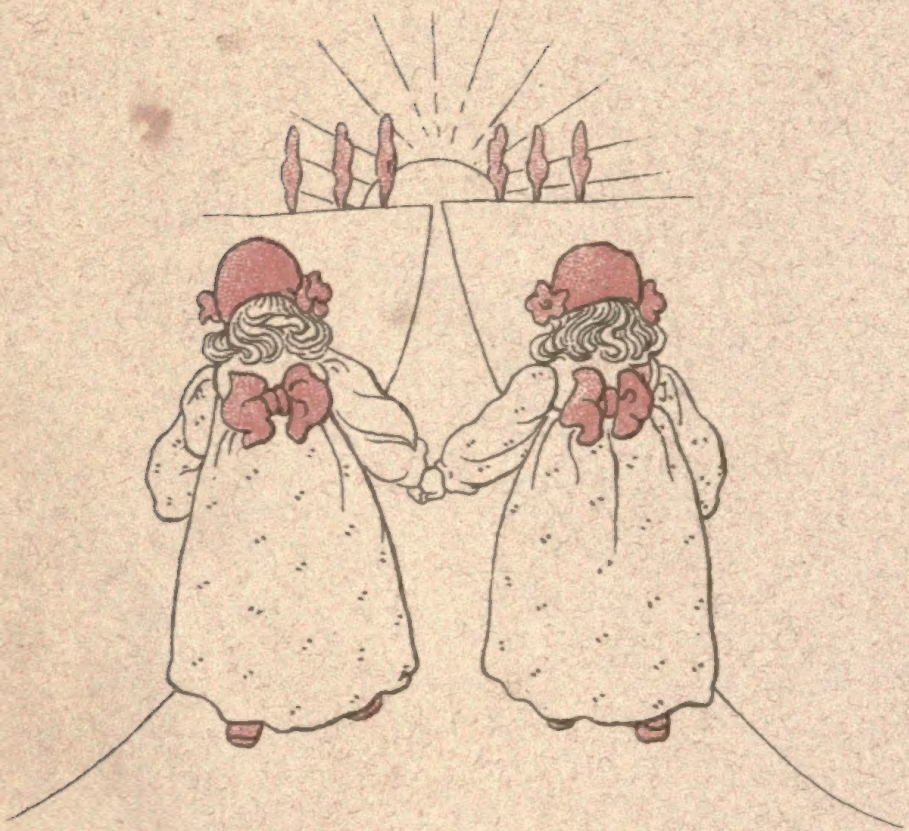
When she is gone the fight begins;
It's splendid fun whichever wins.

One night we tumbled out of bed,
And each of us straight on her head;

And ever since we've been in doubt
On which side which of us fell out.

"O dear," we said "what shall we do?
I really think I must be you.

And what will be the use
to try
And take folk in, now
you are I?"

That night we never slept
a wink,
But which was which we
couldn't think.

And we shall never, that is plain,
Know which of us is which again.